THE CARMELITE

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FIVE CENTS

Paul Flanders
Drawer Z

ROAD CATASTROPHE

Jocund were the cars as they rolled down over the hill from Carmel to Monterey on Sunday evening toward the 6:50 back to town, sailing down in high gear to match their spirits after the feast in the beauty of the day.

Half way down the hill, an accident . . . Tom Watson of Monterey, had a tire flat on his Buick, skidded on the wrong side of the road for fifty or sixty feet until the car crossed the road again and leaped over the fence into the ditch. The car was totally demolished. Watson died shortly after reaching the hospital.

Less jocund were the cars as they proceeded onward down the hill from Carmel to Monterey.

c. a. m.

AGAIN THE SPRING ENCHANTMENT

The vivid presence of spring pervades the week, highly charged. On the little young bushes crisp leaves lift delicate points. The blue lupine gives a purple shadow to the hill-slopes. In the Carmel valley you come upon acres of sudden bloom, the bees ecstatic. Lie close to the earth; you feel it alive, alive underneath. The valleys reach up to the hills, the hills move toward the valleys, in an enchantment of motion. Over the California landscape there lies the magnificent serenity of fulfilment.

Again the magic; again the lifting up of the heart; again the reconciliation, between man and his universe.

Carmel News

BUHLIG

Richard Buhlig will appear in Carmel at a lecture-recital at the Golden Bough on Friday evening May third. Concerning a piano recital of his in New York Paul Rosenfeld, whose writing as a musical critic none in this country surpasses, has spoken as follows:

"Program and performance were subject and style of a work of art. For a little while the playing appeared cold. Buhlig was giving no pictures, no interpretations of the compositions he attacked; merely the pieces themselves; and the touch, if passionate was even, cursive and unemphatic. A sneaking yearning for the opulent, satiny, high-colored and lingering touch and impressionistic pedaling of other performers, particularly of the great romantic hirsute thunderers, momentarily managed to assert itself. Quickly it disappeared. This playing refreshed like running water and breath of hill winds and sweep of a pure cloudy sky. It was free both of the person of the performer and the willfulness of moments seeking to linger and eternalize themselves. Simplicity brought a greater contentment, the sovereign good of the linked, proportional movement of well-related volumes. The great forms issued in perfectly sensuous definition from the keyboard. One could put hands behind the masses, they were so detached; and the individual tones ran pellucid and exquisitely shaped.

"These were the rhythms heard by the composers themselves, the vibrations realized by them in sound; 'music' that found a mere equivalent in sonority. So, life beat in them, passed through them, stately or ecstatic, in the moment of union with impersonal forces; and the interpetation seemed no more and no less than a recapture of those forms of union, a transmission of those mysterious trains that surged or leaped or drew through the composers, at the moments powers greater than themselves dilated their finite beings. Contact with fundamental vibrations, yes, that was what was obtaining in the room. With those fundamental in pitch and tempo to our day. For what opened was reality. They were all real; the romanticists with their hearts, the humanists with their architectural lines and shapes and humble universality, the playing of the man with the cool and persuasive touch, like running water. Today was somewhat between them, taking them all in, and reality somehow in the momentary balance between the two contrasted tendencies of individualism and communism. One went from the recital as from the première of an important creation, in a world whole and harmoniously comprising the streetful of taxicabs, the private bond between two people, the great forces of the world."

Buhlig is at present conducting a master-class in piano music at the Rudolph Schaeffer studios in San Francisco. Reports from listeners reach us. They are unanimous in their respect for the breadth and the bigness of this work. Buhlig has become one of the great musical personalities of his time.

It is excellent to be able to report that Buhlig will give a course of lectures this summer in Berkeley. When universities persuade into their portals men of this vastness, education begins to mean something.

THE SMALL CHILD

The Carmel Pre-School Circle, under the direction of Mrs. Grace Johnson, prepared a delightful program for the P. T. A. meeting last Friday.

Mrs. Pearl Crawford, of the Child Welfare Institute of Berkeley, knows whereof she speaks, when she discusses the little child, his physical, mental, and social habits. For she is in charge of the Nursery School connected with the University of California.

This school consists of about thirty children, ranging from eighteen months to five years, and is established for research purposes. It is Mrs. Crawford's job, as she puts it, to protect the children from the research department.

No formal type of education is attempted in this nursery school, and yet education in the true sense goes on all the time. "Adjustment to environment is the purpose of all education," says Mrs. Crawford, "and there are many devices besides books with which to accomplish it." It is during the first plastic six years of the child's life that habits, skills, and attitudes are developed. At the Berkeley nursery school emphasis is laid on

1) Physical care, including the correction of defects
   correction of behavior
   establishment if fundamental
   habits of eating
   sleeping
   elimination

2) The mental development of children, by means of play with many objects, by the establishment of independence in serving their own food and in dressing themselves, and by the opportunities given for discussion.

3) Social opportunity provided through the teaching of fair play, generosity in sharing toys, sympathy, and the acquiring of social ease and grace.

On the side of the emotions the greatest emphasis is laid upon emotional stability. The tiniest child soon learns to pick humself up when he is hurt. He soon learns the law of the nursery,—that weeping, wailing, and stamping of feet do not get him anywhere.

That the education of the pre-school child really means the education of the parents was repeatedly pointed out by Mrs. Crawford. "Ninety per cent of child control is adult control. . . The attitudes of children always reflect the attitudes of parents and the home atmosphere." The best development of the child can come only through parental and pre-parental education.

THE CARMELITE

CALENDAR

April

Th. 18 **Lecture**—by J. H. Hall, state school architect, on Findings in The Recent Local School Survey. Monterey High School at 8:00. Auspices of the High School P. T. A.

Sa. 20 **Song recital**—by Consuelo Cloos in costume. Greene studio at 8:15. Tickets a dollar.

18 19 20 **Cyril Delevanti**—in "The Dover Road," a comedy by A. A. Milne. Carmel Playhouse at 8:15. Tickets .50 to $1.50.

Su. 21 **Divine Services**—All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science at 11:00 a.m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a.m.

THE WOMANS' CLUB CALENDAR

Book Section — April 24, at 10:30 a. m., at Mrs. Sevilla H. Ford's, 11th and Junipero.

Current Events — April 17 at 10:30 a. m., at Mrs. Charles van Norden's, Lincoln and Santa Lucia.

THE OLD TOWN BULLETIN BOARD RETURNS

Back to our old traditions.

Carmel used to have a town bulletin board, but the march of progress put up a building on the site. Now the Carmel Woman's Club, together with the co-operating Library Board, are putting up a new one, made by Sayre the wood-carver, in front of the library. It will be colored with quiet blues and greens and serves to revive a useful village tradition.

Thru doorways inwardly I hear the
thundering tramp of feet galloping
over the threshold of existence.
Flaming with power those fiery feet
jumping the hurdles of the heaven
above.
—John Varian

FACTS

An authoritative statement concerning conditions and needs in our local union school district will be made this week when Andrew P. Hill, state architect of schools, lectures before the Monterey Parent Teacher Association on The Findings and Recommendations of the Recent High School Survey. This survey, made under the direction of Professor John Almack of the Department of Education at Stanford, began with the Monterey High School and covers the schools of the whole district.

This meeting has the nature of a mass meeting. Local facts will be uncovered summarized, and commented on. There will undoubtedly be active discussion; and the public will be given an opportunity to make up its mind in a field in which it has hitherto been unsupplied with facts. The preliminary school survey, made under authoritative and totally unbiassed direction, provides the sort of knowledge a community needs when faced with bond issue proposals by its school board.

The findings of the survey have not yet been disclosed either to members of the present high school administration, or to the P. T. A. An active curiosity therefore preludes the lecture.

It is open to the public, and is on Thursday evening at eight in the High School.

SEEN IN THE CARMEL VALLEY

on a heavenly day

. . . a limousine going fifty miles an hour with all windows shut, the only passenger beside the driver reading the comic supplement of the Examiner.

CARMEL

is a town in which you can walk into the Post Office all by yourself in the evening, singing a song of Brahms a haut voix. (We know this by empirical method.)

OUR SUPERIOR YOUNGER GENERATION

"And have you youngsters at the university all read 'The Set Up, and 'The Wild Party'?" we asked a Junior down from Berkeley for the week-end, mentioning the latest bits of literary pornographic brilliance.

"No," she quietly answered. "We take ourselves too seriously for that sort of thing. We don't even read Mencken. Without reaching it, we aspire to something far better,—and we imitate it too. Why, even Mencken laughs at people for being taken in enough to read him."

Personal Bits . . .

Henry F. Dickinson of Carmel hunted in Africa three years ago when Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson were there making the film Simba which was shown here last week. This film, showing the magnificence of the movement of jungle animals, took four years to make. When Mr. Dickinson's party came upon the Johnsons they had a number of miles of undeveloped film with them. They talked together of the difficulties involved in filming jungle life. There is nothing staged about it. It stages itself. Elephant and lions move up and make their situations. There are two or three cameras always on the watch. But the party must be in such relation to the possible lions about, that the wind is in the other direction.

After Mr. Dickinson had hunted for some weeks, he became much more interested in observing the subtleties of jungle life, than in killing. How the lion stalks his prey, for instance. He has a feeling of privacy about this. He does not like to be watched. If he finds himself under observation while hunting, he will immediately lay back his ears, look nonchalant, evasive, and move away. When he eats his kill, he does it with great skill. His organization of the meal shows a competent knowledge of anatomy.

The native African, Mr. Dickinson observed, finds it difficult to look the white man in the eye. His eye glance shifts restlessly and constantly. It is only those of superior type who can achieve the long straightforward and courageous eye to eye. The eye of the weaker flinches before the challenger, however kindly he may be.

* * * *

A significant aspect of Imre Weisshaus, modern pianist, who was in Carmel over the week-end, and who is to conduct a class in the appreciation of modern music at the Dickinson residence during May, is the completeness of his modernity. In the fields of painting, sculpture, architecture, he is as totally contemporary as he is in music. Contemporary, do we say? Carmel would call him perhaps an individual out of the future.

* * * *

Of Harold Griffin we shall also have more to say. He played in piano recital on Tuesday evening before a small group of hearers at the residence of Laura Dierssen, and this we shall report next week.

* * * *

Brett Weston, who suffered a bad leg fracture nearly a month ago, is just back from hospital in Monterey, and will soon be experimenting with crutches.

There are hospitals and hospitals. Good, bad, and worse. Young Weston's comments imply that the bread'n'meat'n'pie of some hospitals are more difficult to survive than a good hearty fracture.

Maurice Browne's play, Wings Over Europe, has ended a long run in a New York theatre season which has seen many houses dark. Last week Mr. Browne came over from England for a business conference with theatre managers; conversed by telephone with California; and then hastened back to London. One reason being, that his small son Praxy, together with Mrs. Browne, were already on their way by slower water voyage, through the Panama Canal, to England.

From Crystobal in the Canal Zone comes her letter telling how she "stood in the streets of a little town in the hot green wilderness of San Salvador, and saw the sun-colored sun-mellowed broken walls in the hush of mid-day."

* * * *

The same day's mail brings news also from Morris Ankrum, who so brilliantly directed last summer's dramatic season at the Golden Bough. In spite of its financial anguishes, it was a wonderful and happy time. "It is hard to explain this," he writes, "without writing a lot about the cheapness and dullness of a New York theatrical season as it affects an actor." His own winter's activities included three performances a day in a vaudeville act of which he speaks as a most dreadful confection. "Just prior to that," he continues, "I have been engaged upon a play called 'Buckaroo' which represented probably the worst play of the season. Four producers abandoned it, and my part was about the only one that saw the light when the play was eventually produced. . . However, the season has been worth while because of 'Gods of the Lightning.' What a play! Really I think it one of the great American plays. It is a tremendous, uncompromising, bitter, and most vitriolic denunciation of social and economic injustic based upon the Sacco-Vanzetti case. After playing the labor spy in New York, I went to Cleveland where I directed the play and did the part of McCready . . . I suppose however that under no circumstances could the play ever make any money, because of the prejudices it arouses. . . But it is so seldom here in New York that an actor has a chance to do anything in which he believes. I have tried to interest Charles Norris in getting backing, so that I could do the play in San Francisco and Los Angeles, but I'm afraid that is rather a hopeless undertaking. The only chance I'm afraid is to find a wealthy radical. And pray tell is there such a strange thing as a 'wealthy radical'?"

* * * *

Madame G.E. Scheyer, who is one of the central figures in the controversy recently raging in San Francisco and through the columns of the Argus concerning the painter Kandinsky, spent the week-end in Carmel. An article by Madame Scheyer, on the debated subject, will appear in the Carmelite next week.

THE ABALONE LEAGUE
presents
CYRIL DELEVANTI
in
"THE DOVER ROAD"
A. A. Milne's delightful comedy
at the
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Th. Fri. Sat.
Seats .50 to 1.50
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The Theater

ALL OFF FOR THE DOVER ROAD

This being the season of courtship, Cyril Delevanti is putting on a suitable play at the Carmel Playhouse. "The Dover Road" is concerned in a not-too-solemn manner with problems of marriage and divorce. All those contemplating either are hereby invited to see the play first. A. A. Milne, the author, knows how to turn a pretty phrase in a witty plot. His people are charming, even though a part of the plot includes their being presented to one another in their least romantic light,—early in the morning with colds in their heads,—just on the verges of marriage or of elopement.

Cyril Delevanti, who has by now proven his charms and abilities to Carmel audiences, plays the leading part of the rich man whose hobby it is to bring face to face again those planning to separate forever and ever. Sometimes solemnly, and sometimes with his tongue in his cheek. All sorts of reversals and reversions follow his felicitous duplicities,—the play sparkling meantime with choice bits.

As for the cast,—Jadwiga Noskowiak, Tommi Thompson, and Stanton Babcock have charmed Carmel audiences before now,—each of them possessing gifts of personality which light a stage well. Will Claywell and Charley Frost are new to us.

The play opens on Thursday evening of this week and will run for three nights, at the Carmel Playhouse.

HEAVENLY DISCOURSE BY MARIONETTE

The Blanding Sloan Puppet Theatre has probably never housed a more satisfactory performance than their version of Charles Erskine Scott Wood's brilliant satire on celestial happinings. That is saying a great deal when one recalls the artistry of Ralph Chesse's "Hamlet" and "Emperor Jones."

"Heavenly Discourse" is Blanding Sloan's show. The settings and the lighting effects reveal the same regard of detail and imaginative skill that made Sloan's "Rastus Plays Pirate" the charming thing it is.

In the course of the play thirteen marionettes are used. They were created by Sloan and satisfying from every standpoint. They are impressionistic rather than realistic, and exceptionally successful in that they convey so perfectly, the characters represented.

The Puppet Theatre version is in three acts and many of Wood's most choice lines are retained. The economy of

imre weisshaus
composer-pianist of budapest
will conduct a class in
appreciation of contemporary music
at the home of mrs. h. f. dickinson
on carmel point, during the month of may

weisshaus will play works representing the outstanding contemporary tendencies and will lead open forum discussion directly following. compositions discussed at each meeting will be presented again at the opening of the next meeting.

weisshaus is opposed to the custom of lecturing, and in this way proposes to substitute first-hand experience of new music for the usual lecturer's opinion about it.

since discussion will be in terms of individual responses and questions, the class membership will be limited. for information consult: mrs. h. f. dickinson —— carmel 87-r mrs. lincoln steffens —— carmel 433

weisshaus uses and endorses the baldwin piano

movement in the manipulation of the Marionettes was especially noticeable. Throughout the entire play the gestures were direct and unpretentious. It is this that distinguishes these Marionettes from many of the traveling organizations that seem to rely entirely upon exact imitation of human actions.

The Sloan Marinettes are so handled that the spectator is not forced to concentrate wholly on them, and thereby lose the meaning of the lines. In such a case the voices are of course most important and they were on a whole more convincing and easy to understand than the voices of most travelling groups of puppetteers.

A certain unity is attained in this production by the emphasis laid on all factors, such as the voice and the mounting of the play. The production is dramatically, intellectually, and artistically balanced.

One or two points were a bit overstressed such as the conclusion of the second act in which Eve prepares to spend Lent with God. The Marionette representing God is a work of art.

The arrival of the souls of Anthony Comstock and Billy Sunday at the pearly gates are highlights of the play. Anthony begs for a fig leaf, bemoaning the apparent fact that he is the one pure soul in heaven. Sunday converts the souls of the African medicine men and makes elaborate plans for an old fashioned revival that will put Heaven back on the map again.

CONSUELO CLOOS IN COSTUME RECITAL

Handel — Largo

Frederick MacMurray

Tirindelli — Nina
Sgambati — Veille Chanson d'Espagnol
Hollman — Chanson d'Ampur

Consuelo Cloos

MacMurray — Yearning
Moods
Orientale

—

Frederick MacMurray

Tchaikowsky — Was I Not a Blade of Grass
Arensky — Berceuse
Rachmaninoff — As Fair as Day in Blaze of Noon.

Tchaikowsky — Benediction

Consuelo Cloos

Russian Folk and Gypsy songs
Consuelo Cloos in costume

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—So writes JAMES D. PHELAN, ex-Senator of the United States, in the April issue of
The San Franciscan.

Other outstanding contributors to the current issue include

Peter B. Kyne

Charles Caldwell Dobie

Elva Williams

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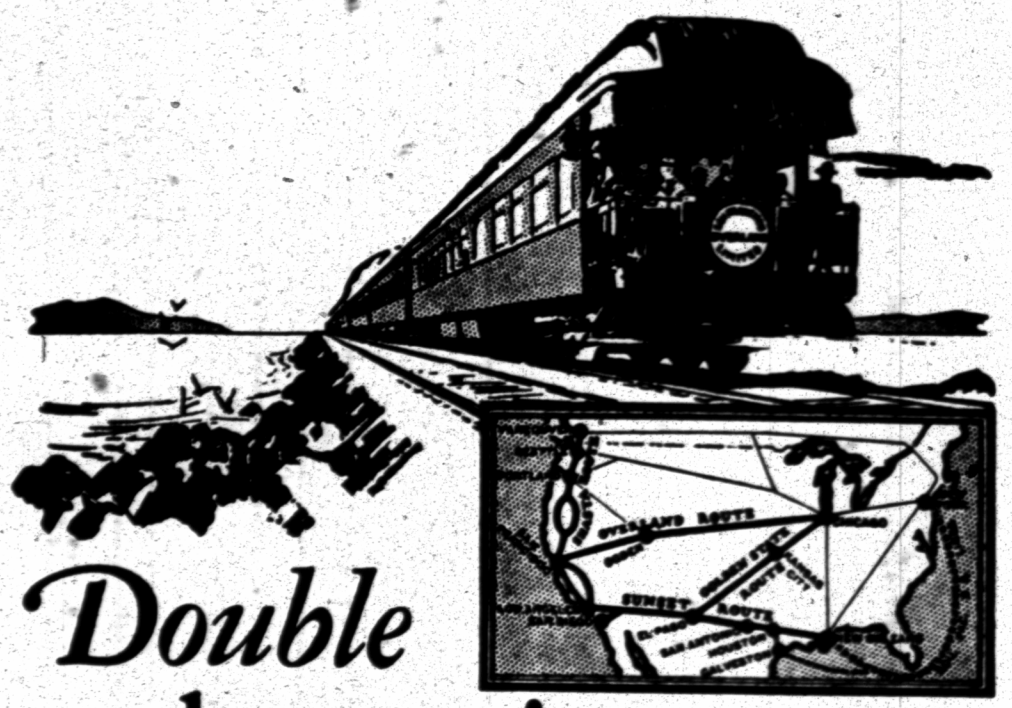

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The Pacific Coast

THE YO-YO

At this year's Spanish Fiesta Santa Barbara introduced the yo-yo.

Now the yo-yo is a teasing sort of toy,—it blows out, and it blows in; and its use is contagious.

The students at the Santa Maria High School, some eighty miles north of Santa Barbara, adopted the yo-yo unto themselves and thereby made life a much pleasanter thing.

On the other hand, the yo-yo and concentrated study have little in common.

Now the principal of the High School at Santa Maria is a human being,—radical as the statement may sound. (He studied under Maurice Browne in Carmel, and that may have something to do with it.) Having observed the entry of the yo-yo into the life of the younger generation of the town, he called the student body together. Very fiercely he strode before them and said, "Now, once and for all, **this thing has got to stop . . . unless**" and he broke into a smile, "unless, one of you will step up here and show **me** how to work this yo-yo business too."

There was a dash for the platform. Half the student body whipped their bright toys out of their pockets. The principal of the Santa Maria High School was given a competent lesson until he too was prepared to go up and down the corridors of time playing his yo-yo.

That afternoon there was a notice posted on the faculty bulletin board. All members of the faculty are required to provide themselves with yo-yos and forthwith to acquaint themselves with their use. Fines for failure so to do.

Next day students and faculty were all playing together.

. . . Now all of this may sound absurd. Or tricky. Or a faculty affectation. But compare it with the warfare between student body and faculty in the olden days. This, for instance, is how the days. This, for instance, is how the game was played in, let us say, Vienna:

The students filed in to class. The faculty dignitary augustly took his place on the platform. He cleared his throat and ominously prepared to pounce with a question upon a student, giving a haughty preliminary glance over the class.

But this morning there was something a trifle arresting in their demeanor. Their gaze was intent and earnestly concentrated. Concentrated upon a point, a spot, a source of focussed attention, at a region approximately at the third vest button of **the instructor.**

Hastily pulling at his vest, and settling

EDWARD WESTON
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his necktie, he once more cleared his throat and called a name. The student arose and gave his answer,—but a trifle absently. His gaze was still riveted (was it with polite horror?) upon the third vest button.

Adjusting and re-buttoning his coat, the teacher now felt the prick of a slight anxiety. The class was scarcely listening to his discourse, which wandered a bit wildly as it was. As with one eye, they fixed their gaze upon his middle,—their solemn anxious gaze.

He stole a look. No crumb, no spot, no spider, met his question. Nothing marred that correct facade.

And yet they looked, they looked. Their answers, like his questions, wandered.

He would ignore it,—whatever it was. He gave himself to the subject. He buried himself for a moment in his notes to tackle the thing more profoundly. And when he looked up, the class, their heads positively craned forward on their necks, were focoussed so intently, so breathlessly, with such a sense of imminence, that he cried,

"Well in heaven's name, what is it?"

Derisive laughter met him with a howl.

Another point had been gained in the eternal warfare between teachers and students.

At the high school in Santa Maria, teachers and students call one another by their first names. The old barriers are broken; the old wars are definitely off. And high school life is made an adventure in cooperative living.

A SONG OF SPRING IN THE PALACE

By Wang Ch'ang Ling

(T'ang Dynasty)

Yester ev'ning, when the breeze began to blow,
And the peach-trees by the well sway'd to and fro,
When the white wheel of the moon had cast its spell,
And the dew on curved yellow roof-tiles fell,

From the great hall came the tinkle of a lute,
And the soft and soothing whisper of a flute;
Came the muffled thud and tread of dancing feet;
Came the swish of silks and scent of perfume sweet.

While, without the bamboo shutters closely drawn,
Where the moon cast long black shadows on the lawn,
Timid Spring, new-come, a pale and slender maid,
Donn'd her garments rich, of green and gold brocade.

—Translated by
Henry H. Hart.

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THE CARMELITE

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CALIFORNIA

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Editorials . . .

NEXT SUMMER

Spring having come, summer's not far behind. Carmel's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of the drama. In former summers the drama has seemed to be Carmel's raison d'etre. (For certainly it can not be the climate, bad form as it may be to mention it!)

We rehearse the tale of last summer's dramatic activities. So long ago those agonies seem now,—the frets, the fights, the triumphs. It will be remembered how the Abalone League decided to add the drama to its sports activities. Baseball may be all right for Sundays. But what about the other nine days of the week? It therefore proceeded to acquire the Carmel Playhouse by purchase,—expending generous quantities of faith, hope, and funds thereon.

Meantime the Theatre of the Golden Bough, under direction of Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous, had engaged the services of an artist-producer, Morris Ankrum.

Also the Forest Theater had entered upon an ambitious program of costly dimensions.

Three programs with but a single thought,—to capture the Carmel audience.

In fact, Carmel must be captured twice over,—first to act the plays, and second to behold.

Financially, it was a disastrous season. Carmel had entered upon a program which called for more audience that it could supply.

But artistically, it was something memorable, beginning with "Emperor Jones," Morris Ankrum in the title role.

At the same time the Abalone League was producing plays of a more popular type, and doing them well. Simultaneously the Forest Theater was struggling against odds and fogs with "Herod," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Inchling." But ask John Jordan how far down into his pockets he had to go to pay the final bills of Forest Theater Production, and you will know why "he's through."

Financial catastrophies of varying degrees marked even the brilliant productions of Morris Ankrum. Too many productions on one night for little Carmel.

Something must be learned from all of this. Cooperation and the organization of forces. The wars of last summer are over. We are now at peace with one another. The thing to do, since historic energies threaten to rise once more with the spring season, is to outline summer plans for the drama together, all of us,—Theatre Guild, Abalone League, Forest Theater Board.

Cyril Delevanti has done such able work recently with the Abalone League in the Carmel Theatre that we should like to see him continuing with us. But there are many who have an affection for the Forest Theater of the old days, when audiences walked up through the woods carrying their lanterns with them. And now there is a whisper that the Golden Bough may again be available for summer plays this year.

In that case . . . the thing to do is most certainly to outline the season with all groups cooperating. One of the charms of Carmel is this social compactness which makes one true community of all of us, and which makes it obligatory upon us to exercise a fundamental consideration, each small group of the other, for the sake of the whole.

OUR ROAD HAZARD

Rather swifter than otherwise becomes the natural pace of our automobile traffic as mechanical perfection increases and a younger generation, accustomed to driving from the toys of babyhood, takes the wheel.

For this reason it becomes all the more imperative to smooth out the hazard from our road layout. It was pecualiarly reckless engineering that gave to the road on either slope of the hill to Carmel and to Monterey its unmitigated steepness and straightness. This road does not function with the degree of safety that a well-planned road should. In wet weather particularly, and at all other times besides, it provides a hazard.

It was only partly the nature of this road which was responsible for the death of Tom Watson on this highway last Sunday. All one can say here is that the road is such a road that skidding here is very gravely perilous. The road abets the skid.

Like the "death curve" on the road to Watsonville, these two portions of the road between Carmel and Monterey justify re-study by the Automobile Club and the road engineers of the county; and, thereupon, redesign and alteration of the line.

It is rather a "mean" problem to tackle. But it will have to be done. If done now, it is an act of foresight. If later, perhaps an act of repentance.

Correspondence

THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE ON CALIFORNIA SCHOOLS... AND ON MUSIC

To the editor of the Carmelite:

. . . It was refreshing to me to read Mrs. Duveneck's account of the educational conference at San Diego. She has an extraordinary capacity for piercing to the heart of educational movements.

The Valley School at Ojai and Mrs. Duveneck's school at Palo Alto were the most interesting educational projects I saw . . . I was much struck at Mrs. Duveneck's school with the triumph of spirit over equipment. Instead of a fine school building, such as we are apt to boast about in this country, this school is housed in a ram-shackled old building, with plenty of ground around it t be sure, but still very badly equipped for school purposes; and yet there is a delightful atmosphere to the place such as one seldom finds in grander schools.

I noticed your comment on Stainer's "Crucifixion." You called it a "not over-burdened composition. "It is certainly not over-burdened with anything except commonplaceness. Is there anything more disastrous than a combination of Victorian taste with a subject like "The Crucifixion"? One needs only to look at the Mass in B minor of Bach to realize how totally inadequate is Stainer's piece. Although the Bach is a huge work and the Stainer a short one, size has nothing to do with it. If anybody thinks so, all he has to do is to look at the Prelude, the Cantata, "God's Time Is Best," or "Sleepers Wake" where in the brief space of a page, music of undying beauty may be found. . .

Yours sincerely,

Thomas Whitney Surette.

FURTHER VOTES FROM THE CONFERENCE ON PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION

It is not only the children who prefer real things to hearing or reading about them! This fact was made clear at the school exhibits, which came from about 40 schools in different parts of the United States. Here, if one looked for it, one could find the kernel of the purpose of each school—usually directly revealed, sometimes unintentionally obvious. "By their works ye shall know them."

The Association requested the school exhibiting to send only such material as correlated the work of different departments in one project, or such material as showed development of one type of activity through a number of grades. This specification was complied with by only one or two exhibitors, it being a failing common among Progressive school people, that they do not take kindly to specifications—it being no part of their policy to have children prepare for exhibits.

Many of the schools sent photographs to illustrate their work. Francis Parker School of Chicago showed activities related to their Santa Claus Toy Shop in which the whole school community takes part so effectively, that last year 3,000 toys were made or repaired and sent to the poor children of Chicago. Western Reserve Academy in Ohio, photographed the Sophomores of the High School in their Biology Classes watching the development of the chick embryo by means of incubated eggs, examined daily.

The most unified material presented was from the Beaver Country Day School in Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts. It centered around the mediæval guild. The guild idea is being utilized in this school in grades 4, 5, 6, to improve standards of workmanship, and to give intimate experience of a great historical institntion such as only active participation can give. There are 14 guilds, (seven working on Monday afternoons seven working Tuesday afternoons). The Guild Book bound by the Book-Makers was on display and showed the guild records and accounts entered into its pages in the most exemplary manner, by the warden of each guild. The banners of the different guilds were there; costumes used in the guild Christmas play; scenery and examples of the work of the juvenile craftsmen, in pewter, copper, wood, weaving and pottery. With the stage scenery and costumes as background and the records arranged in the foreground, the exhibit was an artistic unit, and attracted the eye by its harmony and vividness.

To illustrate the study of primitive life the Rosemary Junior School of Greenwich Conn. showed the experiments of eight-year-olds with different methods of making and carrying fire. Fire sticks and bow drills were the first steps; continuing with brands and torches, they progressed through bones, shells, hollow sticks, and gourds to the more complicated forms of lamps fashioned by the children from native clay and baked by them in primitive outdoor ovens.

Miss Newman's School in Detroit devised the plan for the seventh grade, of illustrating the history of water transportation. Ten yards of white drawing paper were used to make a frieze and 27 girls worked at it, beginning with the earliest type of log raft, and working up through the Indian war canoe and the first steam boat, to the most modern hydro-plane. This frieze was given unity by means of the landscape background, which must I think have been executed by one child or by the teacher. The details of the different types of boat were most faithfully worked out.

Conspicuous among the High School exhibits were two illustrating the "humanizing of knowledge" in regard to Latin. One of these was from Tower Hill School, Delaware; the other from Sunset Hill School in Kansas City. At Tower Hill the ninth grade whose Roman history and study of the Latin language coincided, built a Roman house; photographs showed them acting parts of Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar. They made a large screen map of the Roman Empire (with names in Latin). Charts and slides illustrative of ablatives and accustives and other grammatical information showed that the technical side had not been slighted and that the whole study had correlated practically all subjects including art, shop, literature, geography and dramatics. At Sunset Hill, a class of girls compiled a book "Res Variæ," dealing with many sides of Roman life. It included a section on derivation. The class also exhibited models of a battering ram, a seige tower, and a catapult, by means of which they had enacted in miniture, some of the scenes from the Gallic War, their Latin text.

In addition to these outstanding exhibits there were a great many models of harbors and villages, a life sized ice-boat made by a group of ten year olds, some excellent block prints and a small amount of rather crude sculpture. The only exhibit from the Pacific Coast was sent by the Peninsula School in Menlo Park. The art work from this school was conspicuous for its outdoor feeling and brilliance of color. —J. Duveneck.

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A CURE FOR GOOD CHEER

Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing. Samuel Hoffenstein. Horace Liveright, publisher, New York.

Our saccharine habit of looking constructively upon life gives this volume of rimes a particularly refreshing value. They grumble so deliciously. Their satire rules out of serious or pretentious behavior so many words, so many statements.

This is a function of satire,—to sweep the public vocabulary clean of worn-out words, and the ghosts of words.

In much profundity of utterance there is shallowness. The verse of Samuel Hoffenstein is on the other hand profound in its superficialities. Its irony is spiced with a salty flavor that is good in a world in which we go about being cheerful, being good sports. Now here, for instance:

The day I like the least is Sunday,
And after that I don't like Monday,
And after that, I don't care whose day
Tuesday is,—I don't like Tuesday.
And after that, let other men say
"Pooh" and "Bah," I don't like
Wednesday.
And after that, my very worse day
Is—in short, I don't like Thursday.
And after that, my evil-eye day
Is—the fact's,—I don't like Friday.
And after that, I won't grow fatter, say,
Because they have a day called Saturday.
But the day I like the least is Sunday,
And after that, I don't like Monday,
And after that, I don't care whose day
Tuesday is, I don't like Tuesday,
And after that, etc. . .

—p. g. s.

A ROYAL HARD-BOILED VIRGIN

Elizabeth & Essex, by Lytton Strachey. (Harcourt Brace & Co.) $3.75.

Tere one finds many details in the love life of an elderly spinster, sandwiched between sordid and sometimes silly intrigues of an almost medieval court.

Esses, the "hero," on rare occasions brilliant, usually was vain, pompous, untactful, and often stupid. Then as now however, political power and prestige doubtless were dependent upon greed and low cunning rather than upon a decently high order of intelligence.

There are other all too human traits that yet persist in spite of changing circumstance and culture.

As Strachey portrays the virgin queen, for example, she had an almost Coolidgesque passion for official inactivity.

Then too, one could easily imagine one's self at police headquarters in a modern city such as Los Angeles, when the author speaks of "testimony obtained from a man, in prison, alone, suddenly confronted by a group of hostile and skillful examiners, piled with leading questions and terrified by the imminent possibility of extreme physical pain."

The virtuosity of Strachey appears on every page of the book. When the spell he weaves is dissipated by the cold light of analysis however, it sometimes seems that he deliberately sought the most unpromising historical events for his artistic tour de force. His magic gives them charm and glamour, but let us hope his next book will deal with material less dependent for interest upon artistry.

Who else indeed could make interesting the eroticism of an old woman expending itself upon a self-seeking young man of twenty five. Strachey does this despite the fact that his amorous old queen, with all her regal resources, obviously could not avail herself of modern aids to love's illusion such as face-lifting, dentistry and plumbing. —George A. Briggs.

THE TIME-NEUROSIS

Urban citizens of the United States are suffering from a pecuriar group disease, a mental illness which we may call a Time-Neurosis. This neurosis has as its symptoms the beliefs of people, whether usefully engaged or not, that they are so busy that "there is no time," or "there is not enough time." There is a sense of the future crowding with almost intolerable pressure upon the past, depriving of its right that timeless moment of eternity called the present.

Kant came to the conclusion that time is not an entity, but merely a category of thought, form necessarily limiting human thinking. Contemporary philosophy from Ouspensky on, and science from Einstein on, conceive time as a fourth dimension,—Space—Time. How there can be "not enough" of this dimension is puzzling.

Our generation is therefore passionately given to the attempt to "save time." The machine age is the result. The total result of this frenetic activity is that there is no time whatever "saved" . . . we merely go faster and faster in our squirrel cage. The squirrel goes feverish and mad in his cage. The compulsion drives him on.

The human compulsion of the squirrel-cage neurosis is based upon some sort of an illusion, upon distortions of values. "Yes, if I change from the subway local to the express at Forty-second Street, I gain four minutes in reaching Manhattan Transfer."

"Ah indeed. And what do you do with those four minutes?"

PAGSAJAN FALLS

Four native boys met us with their two dug-out canoes by the bank of a Philippine river. We climbed in cautiously for the boats were merely tree trunks as long as an American canoe but with just enough width to allow you to sit down in the hollow carefully, and were beautifully carved out with fire and primitive tools. We were going to see the falls and shoot the rapids on the way back.

With all my experience in handling canoes I knew that if those two boys got out of my boat I'd roll over the way a turtle does off a log. So with our clothes on we sat very still and let the balancing be done by those who knew how.

A short way up-stream we stopped at a stone house cared for by an old woman and there left all our clothes but our B. V. D.s as there was a chance of getting damp. The dug-outs were argument enough for us. Then on up a quiet stream with large coconut rafts drifting slowly toward the copra mills. Women were washing clothes in the river, some of them waist deep in the water. The slap of the washing paddles and their voices were the only sounds. Here and there in the tall willows or reeds water buffalo were wallowing with just their heads above water. Occasionally we passed a little brown kid in his tiny boat fishing with a big net on the end of a pole.

It was not long before the walls of the canoe began to close in on us and the water to grow more turbid. The next whirlpool looked like a problem. But the boats shot into the swirling water and with some hard paddling came out to a quiet spot with only a dash or so of water over the sides. The stream narrowed, the walls became vertical and the water quite angry as though it resented our intrusion into the place of beauty it had carved. We paused. The current was too much for the paddlers. I felt a very gentle movement of the boat and turning around slightly saw that the boy in the stern had jumped out onto a boulder and with a good shove was back at his dappling.

Such nimbleness and skill I have never seen. If one or the other or sometimes both could push to better advantage outside the canoe he did so without disturbing the balance at all. In one rather large pool we slid over to the wall and looked at the tropical growth hanging to the rocks. On a dead branch clung a tiny orchid, exquisitly perfect. Bright green moss and many species of fern covered the stone cliffs. Along the narrow strips of blue sky palms and other jungle growth leaned. It was a lovely spot and cool after the heat of the open stream lower down.

A big guana was hanging to a branch just out of reach. The native in the bow suddenly stood up and with a stroke of his paddle brought the lizard down on the boy in the stern much to the amusement of all. It didn't swim, but ran over the surface of the water at a surprising rate.

After a quarter of a mile of more rapids we came to the falls, a long dainty veil of white splashing into a great pool disturbing the otherwise absolute silence with its musical chatter. We landed and sat for some time on a boulder listening and watching. It was dark and cool and lovely there with the quiet pool and that graceful fall set in the narow gorge. It was rather with a start that we were reminded it was time to return or we would miss our train.

On the trip back those stocky young boys shouted and laughed and made us go faster than the stream, knowing just what could be counted on from this particular eddy or that writhing pool. I lost to the skipper my bet that my camera would be wet. There wasn't a drop on it. —An American Student.

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BIRDS OF CARMEL

Working List—Corrected by Dr. Grinnell

Summer Visitants.

1. Allen Hummingbird
2. Olive-sided Flycatcher
3. Western Wood Pewee
4. Western Flycatcher
5. Lawrence Goldfinch
6. Western Lark Sparrow
7. Western Chipping Sparrow
8. Black-headed Grosbeak
9. Lazuli Bunting
10. Cliff Swallow
11. Barn Swallow
12. White-bellied or Tree Swallow
13. Uutescent Warbler
14. California Yellow Warbler
15. Macgillivray or Tolmie Warbler
16. Golden Pileolated Warbler
17. Western House Wren
18. Russet-backed Thrush
19. Traill Flycatcher
20. Mourning Dove
21. Buzzard or Turkey Vulture.

Transients.

1. Northern Phalarope
2. Hudsonian Curlew
3. Ashy Petrel
4. Semi-palmated Plover
5. Heermann Gull
6. Clark Nutcracker
7. Crossbill
8. Cedar Waxwing
9. Cassin Kingbird
10. Mockingbird.

Permanent Residents

1. Brandt Cormorant
2. American Coot
3. Tufted Puffin
4. Baird Cormorant
5. Snowy Plover
6. Western Gull
7. Kildeer
8. Water Ousel or Dipper
9. Roadrunner
10. Santa Cruz Song Sparrow
11. California Poorwill
12. Anna Hummingbird
13. California Shrike
14. California Brown Towhee
15. Spurred Towhee
16. House Finch or Linnet
17. California Purple Finch
18. Green-backed Goldfinch
19. Willow Goldfinch
20. Brewer Blackbird
21. Bi-colored Blackbird
22. Western Meadowlark
23. Western Crow
24. California Jay
25. Coast or Stellar Jay
26. Black Phoebe
27. Red-shafted Flicker
28. California Woodpecker
29. Cabanis Woodpecker
30. Nuttall Woodpecker

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35. Point Pinos Junco
36. Sparrow Hawk
37. Red-tailed Hawk
38. California Screech Owl
39. Barn Owl
40. Pacific Horned Owl
41. Vigors Wren
42. English Sparrow
43. California Quail
44. Pine Siskin
45. Nuttall Sparrow
46. Rufous-crowned Sparrow
47. Hutton Vireo
48. Ring-necked Pheasant
49. Yellow-bellied Magpie
50. Belted Kingfisher
51. Pygmy Nuthatch
52. White-tailed Kite.

Winter Visitants.

1. Western Grebe
2. Pied-billed Grebe
3. Eared Grebe
4. Pacific Loon
5. Herring Gull
6. California Gull
7. Glaucus-winged Gull
8. Bonaparte Gull
9. Brown Pelican
10. Sanderling
11. California Murre
12. Ancient Murrelet
13. Black Turnstone
14. Pacific Fulmar
15. Surf Scoter
16. Cassin Auklet
17. Rhinoceros Auklet
18. Black Oystercatcher
19. Royal Tern
20. Say Phoebe
21. Gold-crowned Sparrow
22. Townsend (Fox) Sparrow
23. White-throated Sparrow
24. Fox Sparrow
25. Oregon Junco
26. Audubon Warbler
27. Townsend Warbler
28. Hermit Warbler
29. Pipit
30. Western Winter Wren
31. Ruby-crowned Kinglet
32. Golden-crowned Kinglet
33. Mountain Chickadee
34. Dwarf Hermit Thrush
35. Varied Thrush
36. Western Robin
37. Western Bluebird
38. Red-breasted Sapsucker
39. Western Yellow-throat
40. Red-breasted Nuthatch
41. Slender-billed Nuthatch.

THE BIRD

I love to hear the little bird
Into song by morning stirred,
Provided that he doesn't sing
Before my own awakening.
A bird that wakes a fellow up,
Should have been a buttercup.
—samuel hoffenstein from poems in praise of practically nothing.

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PASSIONATE LEPIDOPTERA

Do what we could, none of us in Carmel whether on the City Council or as members of organizations devoted to the arts, were able to prevent a heavy mortality from caterpillars crossing the roads during the recent caterpillar invasion. Get to the other side they must,—and with what concentration they pursued their ways!

Intently-willed as this forward undulation was, it was nothing, however, by comparison with the eventual movement that took place at the time of metamorphosis. Did you see it, as you crossed the roads or walked the paths?

A well-behaved and totally correct caterpillar, hitherto Protestant, white, Republican, and devoted to the cause of progress as manifested in the caterpillar world, would suddenly change its movement from the forward to sideways. Curl right, curl left, in ever-more-violent convolutions and twists. An immense and rapid energy,—amazing to watch. A most passionate behavior.

The butterfly emerges more quietly from its sheath. But if its bliss can be measured by the passionate activity we have seen in the earlier form. . .
At last it appeared that the caterpillar bit at its own furry spikes with its mandibles. Rapidly, rapidly, consuming its own fur, spinning its own cocoon. Ecstasy and consummation.

SCHOOL BOND ELECTION NOTICE

Notice is hereby given to the qualified electors of SUNSET School District of the County of Monterey, State of California, that in accordance with the provisions of the Political Code of the State of California, an election will be held on the 14th day of MAY, 1929, at SUNSET DISTRICT SCHOOL HOUSE in said District, between the hours of eight o'clock a. m. and eight o'clock p. m., during which period and between which hours the polls shall remain open, at which election the question of issuing and selling bonds of said district to the amount of Thirty-five Thousand and No 100 Dollars, for the purpose of raising money for purchasing school lots, for building or purchasing one or more school buildings, for making alterations and additions to any school building or buildings, for insuring school buildings, for supplying school buildings with furniture and necessary apparatus, and for improving the school grounds of said Sunset school District, will be voted upon. Twenty-eight bonds thereunder to be issued and sold shall be of the denomination of One Thousand Dollars each, and Fourteen of such bonds shall be of the denomination of Five Hundred Dollars each, and shall bear interest at the rate of Five per cent per annum, payable semi-annually, and said bonds shall be numbered from 1 to Forty-two consecutively, inclusive payable as follows:

Two bonds of the denomination of $1,000 each, and one bond of the denomination of $500.00 shall be due and payable each year for fourteen consecutive years commencing in the year 1930, and shall be so paid each year in consecutive numerical order until all of said forty-two bonds have been fully paid.

That Byron G. Newell will act as Inspector and Elizabeth Sullivan and Shirley Watson will act as Judges of said Election, and conduct the same, said Inspector and Judges being competent and qualified electors of said School District.

IN WITNESS THEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands this 15th day of April, 1929.

Hester Hall Schoeninger
Clara N. Kellogg
Frederich Biglow

Trustees of Sunset School District, Monterey County, California.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of The Carmelite published weekly at Carmel-by-the-Sea, California for April 1, 1929.

State of California, County of Monterey.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Pauline G. Schindler, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the publisher of the Carmelite and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher Pauline G. Schindler, Carmel
Editor Pauline G. Schindler, Carmel
Managing Editor Pauline G. Schindler, Carmel
Business Manager J. A. Coughlin, San Francisco and Carmel.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Pauline G. Schindler, Carmel, California.

3. That the known bondholders, mortagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Pauline G. Schindler

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of April, 1929.

[Seal.]

Louis S. Slevin

(My commission expires January 10, 1932.)

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